

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

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THE LOYAL FEW

The many are a fickle lot, the plaudits of the crowd are not
More lasting than the passing breeze which blows the
clover bloom;
Who seeks the favor of the throng, seeks that he cannot
hold for long,
Mankind reserves enduring fame to grace the dead
man's tomb.

The throng is fickle in defeat, the thrill of victory is
sweet,
Who wins today is all the crowd has time to love or
cheer;
A few brief weeks and once again, a newer favorite
shall reign,
And he in turn shall be dismissed when younger kings
appear.

Who seeks a lasting love and true, must seek for it
among the few,
The neighborhood wherein he dwells his friendship
must provide,
Though fame and victory are sweet, by sorry failure or
defeat,
The few who know and understand are never turned
aside.

The few are true through thick and thin, to keep their
love one need not win,
Their faith stays constant to the end as when it first
began,
The many cheer and then forget, new suns arise and old
ones set,
Fame's constant cry is all for skill, but friends admire
the man.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

OUT OF Pasadena,
OUT IN California,
WHERE THE millionaires go,
AND LEAVE the poor people,
THEY GOT IT from,
BACK IN Illinois,
THERE COME strange tales,
EVERY LITTLE while
OF THE school board there,
AND THEIR frantic search,
FOR ANY old means,
TO CURB the spooners,
THAT SEEM to infest,
THE FIRE escapes,
AND THE darkened nooks,
ROUND ABOUT the schools,
AND FIRST of all,
THEY LIGHTED the nooks
WITH ELECTRIC lamps,
AND AFTER that,
WHEN THE boys and girls,
CLIMBED THE fire escapes,
AND SAT on the steps,
MOVE THE rays,
OF THE lights below,
THEY ISSUED an order,
THAT ALL of the ladders,

THAT RAN from the ground,
TO THE fire escapes,
BE HUNG on pulleys,
THAT COULDN'T be worked,
EXCEPT FROM above,
AND IT'S all so silly,
IT MAKES me laugh,
FOR IF I were the board,
I'D PUT out the lights,
AND GET bear traps,
AND STICK 'em around,
AND EVERY night,
WHEN THE hour was passed,
FOR THE spooning couples,
TO WANDER out,
I'D GO my way,
AND GET the spooners,
AND LEAD 'em away,
AND LOCK 'em up,
AND WHEN high noon came,
ON THE very next day,
I'D LEAD them out,
TO A public square,
AND HAVE them shot,
I'D EITHER do that,
OR SHOOT the board,
I DON'T know which,
I THANK you.



I THANK you.

Breakfast Table Wit

Time Table Trouble.
There is an art in reading railway
time tables. Farmer Brown knew
nothing of it.
"What time's the next train to X?"
he asked the negro porter.
Having gained this information
he turned away, only to return a few
moments later to ask the same ques-
tion.
"But I've only just told you," re-
plied the porter.
"Oh, yes—but this time I'm ask-
ing for another fellow."

He Was Right.
"James," cried Mrs. Timmid, sit-
ting up in bed, "there are burglars
downstairs!"
Mr. Timmid, wishing to quiet her
fears, replied, "Oh! no, dear."
"I'm sure there are," insisted Mrs.
Timmid.
"Well, I'm sure there aren't,"
James, I tell you there are!"
"I tell you there isn't a burglar
downstairs!"
"Your husband is right, mum,"
interposed a low-browed individual
who thrust his head into the room
at this juncture, "we're upstairs."

The Big Expense.
"What a very stunning coat-of-
arms. I'm sure you ought to be
very proud of it."
"We are. But George says it will
cost a lot to put it on the door of
the limousine."
"Why? Because it's so intricate?"

"No, because we have to get the
limousine first."

Paging Doggie.

The hotel manager jumped on a
bellboy for whistling in the lobby.
"Don't you know that it is against
the rules for an employee to whistle
while on duty?" he demanded
sternly.

"Ain't whistling, sir," protested
the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Rich's
dog."

A Westerner went to spend his
vacation at Loblolly Cove, near
Rockport. He had never seen the
ocean before. The first morning of
his arrival he appeared at the little
fish house and general store kept by
a native named Haskins, and an-
nounced that he wanted two barrels
full of sea water, which the store-
keeper obligingly dipped up for him
from his wharf, it being high tide.
"How much?" the Westerner
asked.

Haskins, who never overlooked a
bargain, replied:
"Ten cents."
The new arrival paid it cheerfully,
and that afternoon he turned up
again with his palis.

"My doctor out home told me to
bathe in sea water twice a day," he
explained; then, observing the dis-
tant beach line at low tide, he added:
"Gosh! You've had a big business
today, haven't you mister?"

MUTT AND JEFF—Ten Thousand Shares of Sap Silver, Par Value One Cent a Share

By BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS—Well Anyhow, Pa Isn't Caught.

By CLIFF STERRETT



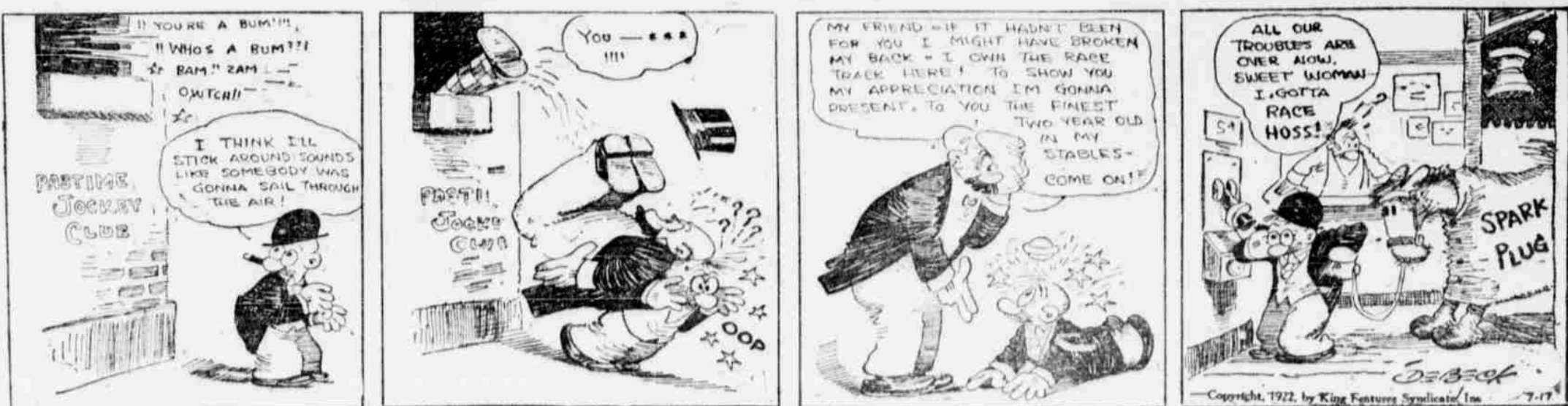
CASEY THE COP—Now Guess His Nationality!!

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOLGE—Barney's Troubles Are Either Over—or Just Beginning.

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Jazz This on Your Jews-Harp.

By AL. POSEN

